

ANTENNAE-DEEP IN A FRANZ KAFKA TRIP

Adept through bite held
forward - cannot - speak the
grime 0

wings once membranous now
vertically pinned / down and
easily reduced spread weak to fuck though
normal when held fast branched large and
somewhat
dead is

sucked through bite symmetrical
at..rest..the
metamorphis slight

or wanting.

CRIPPLED LUCIFER (((CODEINE)))

Starch of throat (contagion) this burns
true..and..far both

hands crushed tenderly each
synapse crawls back
home glands fusing into sky no
hope just

broken on cold street a
thousand lice strip whole the / sun the
sun.

fold 2

the Universe...

and*

*unwritten

(Sophie McKeand)

fold 1

Three Views of a Mountain

{Ric Hool}

1:

A bud opening
the summit stood in full

bloom

2:

I am the mountain
kissing clouds & the kiss
between cloud & mountain

3:

At the top

there is

nowhere else

fold 3

SKINFLICKTREBLESIX

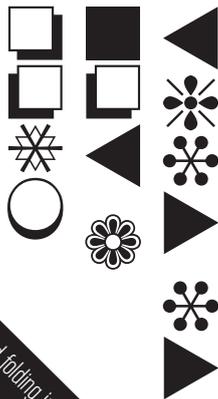
'Like a flame burning away the darkness
Life is flesh on bone convulsing above the
ground.'

Elias Merhige Begotten

Scrape up gauze delineated if pressed tight full
cup there
goes approaching into
contact
hem must
be / exposed not
breaking still..that..should but ever bleeds and
always ends the same.

{Chris Brownsword}

unread a son of eight.



3 'haiku' {rhys trimble}

bombus bombus
winged partridge crosses
ploughed field: sunlit, 13:19

summertree bramley halo
strewn half-cores
waspish bacchanal

feminfeminine sheeps skull
with oakleaf brain derw
her litter: humus, bone

ligature



fold 1

welcome...

to a petiquidescent copy of **ctrl+alt+del** a contemporary poetry printable ezine. the idea is that through brevity, obscenity, ease of assimilation and distribution by paper and e-format, pdf files will reach a wider audience/ traditional audience for 'british/WELSH revival'/ other/ feminist/ european/ american/ black/ underground poetry and those who enjoyed anthologies such as a various art & children of alban a.y.y.b. hopefully whomever picks up a copy will be able to consume a small chunk of syntactically disjunctive/ experimental/ avant garde poetry more easily WITH CHABLIS than launching straight into the maximus poems etc, cold--- having last read OTTER strict metre pre-romantic poetry at school. CREPUSCULAR not that i wish to devalue the longer poem & will publish extracts of long poems willingly. i would welcome more experienced voices to provide opinions and articles here. some readers will consider this a trivial and possibly terrible DEVIATION in terms of amateurishness, IRREVERENCE honesty, willingness to fail & critical inexperience. as always this letter reflects a subjective view of SHAKESPEARE poetry, seen through the lens of my personal philosophy. people are very easily offended. COCK. my intention here is to transmit some of my enthusiasm for experimental, linguistically innovative & generally interesting modern/ postmodern poetry & improve my own knowledge. LIAR. to those who will give a couple of minutes to read 2 sides of a4: hello and please send your contributions, articles, illustrations & ABUSE thoughts to rhys.trimble@gmail.com cntl+alt+del. POETRY uh uh POETRY. [PLEASE]...{ed.}

free issue:1

more info, downloadable PDF version and folding instructions available at:
WWW.GAD.theabsurd.co.uk
ctrl+alt+del
THE ABSURD

fold 2

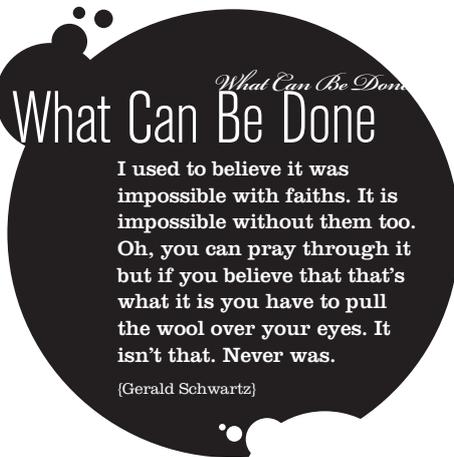
Buzz

the first great leap forward in my painting
 came soon after seeing Barry Guy
 shoot paint brushes from the strings
 of that burnished box
 his gorgeous double bass
 he could have had my eye out
 we'd already had autumn in New York
 I'm not going to keep referring to that
 risk assessment
 or insist on booster
 seats when short folk play the drums
 as long as the bar staff can see over the bar
 I think the celebrations can go on
 contemporaries understand quite well
 that this isn't just a competition
 to see who can live the longest

FishFish

*everyone who enters the building knows
 the goldfish tank conceals secrets
 it says so with its plastic pirates' chest
 settled at a jaunty angle to the bed
 Les Troyens is a better name for people
 from Troy than The Trojans – Les
 agrees but thinks a line should be drawn
 at Troia which muddies the waters
 Muddy Waters knew something of the blues
 deep suffering can make you really thick
 as can a balanced diet & quiet warmth
 or facile attention-seeking habits
 you can tell the depth of good intentions
 by asking priests when someone dies*

{Peter Hughes}



What alive air in Queen
 Kapiolani race
 grounds,
 A hundred years previous,

Now a big park with globally
 born gleeful
 inhabitants

Out of sight,
 Drum beats
 Rhythm meets
 The heavy wind blowing ray
 across the
 mountains

Birds twitter vivacious and
 flirtatious in late
 April's sunshine.
 Around in earshot distance
 The city makes its own
 springtime buzz.

{Lizzy Hawley}

4 poems {James Davies}

www.ifpthenq.co.uk

'...' is part of ...

Study for a poster called 'horse'

Dear Sir

Yours, James Davies

Pammy: My boobs and I
 STUNNING actress Pamela Anderson has revealed how she has a love/hate relationship with her
 famously large breasts. Talking to OK magazine, the blonde beauty revealed: "My breasts - it's a
 love/hate thing but we're very close. I'm glad I got my implants but sometimes they're in the way."
 The former Baywatch star did lose the implants at one point, but claims that was an extreme reaction to
 her divorce from rocker Tommy Lee - who Pammy insists she will not be remarrying. She
 added: "I got divorced so I did what every girl does. I cut my hair and took out my boobs." Well, maybe
 not everyone does the boobs part, but I was just like 'I'll show him'."

article

Schizo--

**anglophone, or not to
 anglophone**

that is the question

as a welsh poet who can speak welsh I face a dilemma when i write. do i maintain a poetry
 that has undergone HYNT Y GWYNT A'R GLAW no great upheavals for the last 1500 years or do
 i 'rebel' and write in an english that more reflects the postmodern 'society' i live in? a further
 question to someone who respects innovation as highly as lyrical expression is which reactionary
 tradition do i rebel against? The tradition of welsh language strict metre poetry; ENGLYN or rail against
 the anglophone hegemony that rules our airwaves, literature and almost every other medium? english
 being the voice of 'late capitalism' cartoons & cereal packets versus: welsh the voice of historic
 rebellions and imperial annexation, hearth & home.

i find myself writing predominantly in english, and this reflects -not my beliefs- but my position
 as someone who has spoken mostly english with family A FFRINDIE. to be 'true' i must reflect the
 circumstances in which i find myself. MYNYDD to drop welsh in writing like so many poets who can
 speak the language perhaps is the easiest thing to do. however i find myself troubled by this and my
 welsh-self attempts to shoehorn itself into the mix, ESGYD inserting phrases and words that are of my
 'mother tongue.' This, in my work is a kind of pastiche of Pound & Eliot's high modernist use of 'classical
 languages.' if welsh is such a dead language surely it should be revered in the same way as ancient
 greek? γοῦν I find this also gives a 'aural texture' unavailable to 'homoglossic' writers. perhaps i can
 combine both languages, the english of experimentalism and the welsh of lyricism. the welsh sounds of
 cynghanedd have been transplanted into english successfully by dylan thomas, manley hopkins etc so
 why shouldn't modernist aesthetics be transplanted back into welsh?

The battle of tongues will continue in my work—and the work of other poets who speak postcolonial
 languages. whether it be a question of writers as outsiders from their own culture trying to break into
 their 'cultural inheritance' or simply another formal technique to be used in the production of innovative
 work, whatever the reason i intend to keep poetry as multilingual and heteroglossic as possible

SGLYFATH!

{r.t.}

JFT

{Chris Torrance}

0915 hrs 15 Jan 1986. Writing with
 my father's pen My father lives on in
 this Parker limo with gold nib – a
 slight asperity, rather like him, stiff,
 argumentative, exacting This maroon Parker 51
 with which he filled fat ledgers & account books
 with steady-handed, even columns of
 figures & listings I discover more of my
 father in my every day, though I have
 tried hard to subdue the argumentative side;
 the authoritarian dogmatist who bought
 The Daily Telegraph & was suspicious
 of blacks, who liked his drink, drank
 too much of it & died. Long live
 my father, gappy grin & heavy glasses,
 stocky build in dark suit & white shirt
 striding down Blenheim Gardens to catch
 the 0838 to the City, snorting occasionally
 as he went. A decent man, though he
 fancied & may have had the occasional
 bit on the sly, on the side Relaxing
 in The Windmill, laying down the law,
 with his tow embarrassed sons on Christmas
 morning, my brother smoking furiously in his
 usual way, telling weak stories, my
 father grunting, holding a lit cigar The
 endless trouble sorting out that I wanted a
 Charringtons Barley Wine, as I sat there,
 telling weak stories...

Goodbye, my father,
 hello.